

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-12

THE ORIENTAL, No. 115 Bowery, between Grand and Bester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Selters. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-12

JOHN ROCHE

MERRY MILL ON LONG ISLAND,

BETWEEN TWO NEW YORK BOYS.

To show our facilities for obtaining early and reliable information on all subjects, we give below a very interesting account of a battle which came off early this (Monday, Oct. 29) morning, on the outskirts of Long Island. It was furnished by an obliging correspondent—a feather-weight—who was present at the fight.

FRIEND CLIPPER—As merry a little mill as ever I witnessed, took place this morning, within a few miles of the city. The aspirants for pugilistic honors (Smithy and Alf W.) halff from the Empire City. They fought at catch weight, and had taken some two or three weeks to prepare for this event. The money fought for was not so great an object, but to decide which was best man, and certainly two game boys never donned a shirt. They fought ninety rounds in 2 hours and 12 minutes, when the sponge was thrown up by W.'s seconds, and I must say that it was the best-conducted, most orderly affair of the kind I ever attended, not an angry word on either side, but all parties had evidently made up their minds to have a fair fight and no favor. The combatants are respectively named Smithy and Walker, the former being much the heavier and stronger, and although not in the use of his digits, is to be reckoned with. The battle was made of the right stuff, and the strictest justice in taking punishment. Walker is more of the greyhound kind, lithe and active, and evidently has had some practice in the use of his fives, and had not Dame Nature deserted him, must have proved victorious, being in far better condition than his opponent. Early this morning I was dragged from my downy pillow and the arms of Morphus, and, having arranged my toilet, started on the expedition, reached the battle-field at cock-crowing time, and no time was cut to waste. In all there were some fifty or sixty on the ground. The seconds tossed for corners, the boys peeled, and before you could say Jack Robinson, shock hands and opened the ball. Jack Bath and Ban Webb esquired Walker, while Dick Hollywood and Young Brady looked out after Smithy. William Clarke officiated as referee and time keeper, while Harry Lazarus, Pete Gallagher, Harry Hill, Jim Giddings, and three or four others kept the ring. All being in readiness, they stepped off.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toing the scratch, Smith looked much the more powerful man, while Walker showed more knowledge of the art. After sparring for an opening, they rushed to a rally, and in the struggle for the throw, Alf W. slipped down.

2. Walker paid a visit to Smithy's restaurant, then delivered a pretty left-handed compliment on the eye, and followed suit with a nobber on the smelting organ, causing the rub to flow. First blood for Alfred. This led to a spirited rally, with some good counter-hitting on both sides, the round being finished with Smithy delivering heavy swat on the jaw, sending W. to grass. First knock down for Smithy, but events being thus decided in the same round.

3. Both lively at the call of time. On facing each other, W. delivered his left three times in succession of his opponent's eye, nose, and mouth, but in the rally, went down.

4. The fight was still in the balance, when the referee, the third hand, struck at the chin of Walker, which he was unable to parry, and the battle was decided in favor of W., although he got down several times suspiciously.

15. The best fighting round yet. On meeting, at it went, give and take being the order of the day. W. very active on his opponent's dial, and Smithy's eye giving indications of the early closing movement, while his kinsling trap was anything but a tempting morsel. Sharp rally and W. down.

16. Another rattling round. W. at home on the nose and mouth, Smithy active about the ribs. In the bustle, the latter sent a straight handed compliment on W.'s nose, and floored him.

17 to 20. Pretty much the same style of fighting, the hitting in favor of W.

21. On arriving at the mark, Master Alfred jabbed Smithy heavily on the nose and eye, getting away without a return. Some sparring for wind. W. delivered another hit 'un on Smithy's mouth, and fell from the force of his own blow.

32. On opening the ball, W. hit "every which way" and fell on his knees, but jumped up immediately to renew the contest. Smithy got a good left-hander on W.'s nose and repeated the compliment on the side of his head, which sent W. to mother earth.

33 to 37. Alfred getting weak; Smithy gaining strength. W. gave every round.

38. W. delivered a scrounger on Smithy's "restaurant," S. returning heavily on the ribs. W. down.

39. The longest round on record! They fought up the field and down again; across the field and back again. The distance could not be far short of a hundred and fifty yards. Walker on the retreat, Smithy following after him. A lively rally and W. down. 40 to 42. Smithy became receiver general, but proved himself the stronger man throwing or fighting W. down in every round.

63. W. visited Smithy's closed eye heavily, and fell from exhaustion.

64 to 76. W. falling off. Smithy delivering some rib-roasters. Both fighting open-handed.

77. Smithy again heavily on Walker's ribs. They rallied, and some pretty good hitting was the result. In the struggle for the throw they fell side by side in some bushes, and mysteriously disappeared for a second or two!

78 to 90. All of the same character, Smithy comparatively strong, W. completely used up, and Smithy on an accident having stepped on a very delicate part, W.'s seconds wisely threw up the sponge, and Smithy was declared the victor.

REMARKS.

Smithy was very much pained about the head, while W. showed very little symptom of the war. The courageous little fellows, to be sure, still fought as ever, to keep it up all the time, and the body created a fully good laugh all round. Those of them who will prove a true customer to anybody of their weight. Their courage is beyond all question, and a little practice in the manly art will place them on a footing with some of the best light fighters in the country.

UNTIMELY DEATH OF A PANTOMIME—In a recent number of the California *Post* we find the following paragraph:—

"Daniel Smith of St. Louis, a prize fighter of some consideration, was killed in a hawkeye house row in St. Louis, Mo., lately by a journeyman printer named Kaiser, whom he was beating. Kaiser was the hero of several prize fights, but was not proof against the knife of the desperado."

In Philadelphia, Dan Smith was very well known from his ready manner in volunteering to lend the boys a helping hand at benefits. His fight with Scut of Brooklyn (now in the Union army) will be quite fresh to our readers. As a sparrer he was very clever and a general favorite. We believe he followed the profession of barber in the Quaker City for many years. Perhaps some of Dan's friends now furnish us with a sketch of his life for publication in the CLIPPER.

NOT SO FAST.—Those know-all's who insist that Johnny Roche has a game of quits, sold out, and retired on his fortune, are slightly mistaken. Roche is still at the old spot, bobbing around where Bob Still used to keep, the Oriental, 154 Bowery, and is likely to stay there for a considerable length of periods.

PATSY KIERNAN IN CALIFORNIA.—One by one the boys are fast disappearing from our midst—some for the wars, others to seek fortunes in far off climes; among the latter is Patsy Kiernan, a fire vamp and sport well known on the east side of the town. Who'll be the next traveler?

BEN WEBB'S BENEFIT.—This sprawling exhibition will take place on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 21st, as announced in our last issue. All the boys have promised to show at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, and with Jack Bath for the wind-up, there's sure to be a treat. Be on hand early—high old times are expected all round.

NOBIE CLARKE BACK TO TOWN.—After a lengthened stay in Cincinnati, Boston, and other places, Little Billy has returned to the old stamping-ground, and will probably show at Ben Webb's benefit. He looks tip-top, as is full of fight as ever, and will doubt get a match on ere long. How would Clarke and Morris do? Johnny, we know, is a stone or more above weight, but Nobie seldom backs down when there's the ghost of a chance.

BILLY DONNELLY BOBBING AROUND.—Quiet William is taking a vacation from the Allaire, going the rounds, and making himself generally agreeable. Billy has some idea of going either to England or California. We think he'd do well in the Golden City. Perhaps Harry Gibbons will tell us what his chances are there, and thus determine where Billy goes.

NOBIE CLARKE AND THE BOOGIE JOE NOLAN.—A week or so ago it was reported around town that the celebrated English light weight, Joe Nolan, was among us. We pronounced the fellow an impostor, and cautioned the public against being humbugged by Boogie Joe. Somehow or other, he managed to deceive hundreds of old country sports, and was believed to be the genuine article by men of experience in the English P. R. He was mighty careful not to show at our office, as we know Joe Nolan like old cheese, and should have had him on the hip, figuratively speaking. It's a bumble bee; this alone ought to have been sufficient to condemn him, for whenever any of the British pugs of note come over here, the first place they would visit is the CLIPPER office, and we warn the fraternity against those not identified by us. This isn't blowing on our part; we find it necessary to be plain and at the same time, severe on these fellows. Now for the bald-faced Joe Nolan's fighting abilities. Little Billy or Nobie Clarke having taken a notion to come on from Boston, happened to meet him in a seraglio down town, and put the quiet point blank. "Are you the man they call Joe Nolan?" "That's my name," replied he. "A hundred dollars that you can't lick me," chanted Shorty, and without further argument, some forty pot 'a smack on the snout." The whole farce was exploded; Mr. Nolan didn't so much as hit back,

and the lookers-on were immediately satisfied there was "no Joe Nolan about that fellow!" You can bet your bottom dollar no man could hit Joe Nolan without getting a belly-go-fister in return, and anybody of any sense knows it, too. There's no necessity, therefore, for further words about him: our readers are forewarned, and if in other cities anybody attempts to pass for Joe Nolan, set him down as a gay deceiver and steer clear of him. How are you, Mr. Nolan?

ANOTHER IMPOSTOR.—Right on top of the Nolan farce we are informed there's a counterfeiter Bill Benjamin going around imposing on people. You know him by his cockney slang, his "Gor blind me's," "bloody ell's," and other choice expressions. The real Bill Benjamin is as quiet a man as ever breathed, and, to use Sayers' own words, "ought to be champion of England." We expect to hear of Bill's coming out and challenging the winner of the next championship fight in England. As for the Benjamin sailing under false colors, we can only say, "Look out for him!"

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GOING TO BOSTON.—Jim Carroll, the veteran sport and boxer, intense taking a trip to Boston in a few days, and will most likely be honored with a box, there. We know our Athenian friends will do the decent thing by Mr. Carroll, and can recommend him as a civil, clever, well-behaved old covey, as full of fun as an egg is of meat. Fellow sports of Boston, look out for the "Gunner of Moscow!"

DAN KERRIGAN IN ENGLAND.—"Sailor Dan" has arrived out right side up with care, and was present at the fight near Liverpool, between Jack Parton and Patsey Marley, on the 30th Sept. Flory Macarty and Kit Burns have also arrived at Liverpool, out of the draft. Dan Kerrigan won't be long there without a customer—perhaps Australian Burke and Dan may come together: the conqueror of Australia Kelly ought to be a match for any light weight in England. We commend our thick-set, good-natured friend Dan, to our English, Irish, and Scotch cousins. How's the weather out there, boys?

IS IT TRUE?—We are given to understand that Barney Aaron is in the city again, but haven't seen him yet. It may be, and then again it may not. Who knows, and where are you, Mr. Barney?

TRIPE AND COCK-HEELS AT JACK BATH'S.—Perhaps you never eat tripe or cock-heels, eh? It's mighty good feed, though. If that isn't your style, just ask Jack for his CLIPPER brandy, and get the best in the republic. He'll know what you mean. A man can see more fun and hear more news at the Deer's Head, Houston street, just above the Gem, than any place of its size would be. Dove's the best-conducted, most orderly affair of the kind I ever attended, not an angry word on either side, but all parties had evidently made up their minds to have a fair fight and no favor. The combatants are respectively named Smithy and Walker, the former being much the heavier and stronger, and although not in the use of his digits, is to be reckoned with. The battle was made of the right stuff, and the strictest justice in taking punishment. Walker is more of the greyhound kind, lithe and active, and evidently has had some practice in the use of his fives, and had not Dame Nature deserted him, must have proved victorious, being in far better condition than his opponent. Early this morning I was dragged from my downy pillow and the arms of Morphus, and, having arranged my toilet, started on the expedition, reached the battle-field at cock-crowing time, and no time was cut to waste. In all there were some fifty or sixty on the ground. The seconds tossed for corners, the boys peeled, and before you could say Jack Robinson, shock hands and opened the ball. Jack Bath and Ban Webb esquired Walker, while Dick Hollywood and Young Brady looked out after Smithy. William Clarke officiated as referee and time keeper, while Harry Lazarus, Pete Gallagher, Harry Hill, Jim Giddings, and three or four others kept the ring. All being in readiness, they stepped off.

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CRICKET.

WILLOW vs. ST. GEORGE.—On Thursday, Oct. 9th, these clubs played their return game together on the grounds of the former club, at Bedford, L. L., resulting in a victory for the Willows by the score of 72 to 70 in the first innings, by which it was decided.

A capital wicket was pitched for the occasion by H. Waller, and the weather was all that could have been desired. The attendance was about as good as usual at cricket matches, some fifty or a hundred spectators being present besides the players.

At 11 a. m. the St. George club sent in Messrs. Waller and Creighton, the Willows in the field, as was in agreement to that they were displayed in their last match. Lindsey allowed four byes to be scored in the first two overs, and Torrance, whom Higham had placed just where he was wanted to catch Waller off Hammond's leg balls, dropped the ball that came into his hands off Waller's bat, and the ball fell right into his hands, but he let it drop, much to Ford's delight: but the first ball from Pierce in the next over got in on Ford's leg stump, and he gave place to Captain Laing, the 2d wicket falling for 16. Almost the first ball the captain received from Pierce he slipped right into Sharp's hands, but Sharp also dropped it. Not content with this, however, Laing gave Lindsey a chance near long stop, but this was also refused, the mulligans in the catching business being very conspicuous in the early part of the game, as the above record proves. Another chance from a high ball off Laing's bat was this time accepted by Higham, and Laing was followed by G. Wright, the third wicket falling for 23. George had scored 4 from a neat little cut and had gone out when he also gave Lindsey a chance to bow down long stop and leg bat, but the Willows were determined to catch nothing but difficult catches apparently, and so George escaped, but in the next over succumbed to a leg ball from Hammond, his wicket going down for 14. Burnett was his successor, and led off with a neat cut for a single, but in the next over, one of Pierce's terrible "workers" got in on his leg stump, and he gave place to Bailey, the 5th wicket falling for 35. Five wickets had now been taken on leg balls, four of them being credited to Pierce, and the score looked bad for the success of the St. George. Creighton manfully withstood the assaults of Pierce, and refused to be tempted by Hammond, his defense being first class, and his share of the score, 10 runs, far, being over a third. Bailey went in to "hit 'em, you now," and began very well, but Higham, whose generalship throughout was excellent, knew Tom's fallings, and calling Torrance to long field, awaited the chance he was to come, and when it did, a high drive to long field, giving Torrance an opportunity for a clever catch, which he attended to in style, Bailey retiring minus the double figures he expected. 6th wicket for 39. Congreve came next, and before he had scored a run, gave a chance to Higham at wicket to run him out. Afterwards Congreve began to give the fielders considerable running to do with balls that he cut, drove, and hit to leg for two and three, and finally Higham, seeing that he was beginning to add to the score in a rather rapid manner, especially of Hammond, brought Charley Stokes on at Hammond's end, and sent Pierce off to cover point, the judgment of this boy being shown in the fact that Congreve was splendidly caught on Stokes, as Pierce, in the former's first over, Creighton had by this time run up the fine score of 23, marked by 3 threes—leg hits, and a fine drive—3 twos and singles, and apparently bid fair to carry his bat out, but in playing back on a ball from Pierce, he knocked the ball off with his bat, and was forced to retire, he having been in over an hour and a half, during which time he had displayed his abilities as a really good batsman. If not a first class player, as the bowling was of a character that none could trifle with. Creighton's wicket had fallen for 61, and Congreve's for 65, the latter's share being a finely made 13, marked by 2 threes, leg hits, and 3 twos. Houghton, Kendall, and Vandepier were their successors, the former carrying his bat out for a 3, the result of a leg hit and an overthrow of Stokes', who was not up to his work in fielding in this game. Kendall was prettily caught by Gisborne, and Vandepier was a victim of Stokes', the last wicket falling for 70, of which 52 were off the bat, the extras being 18. The excellent collation set forth by Professor Wild was the next thing in order, and after full justice had been done to the choice viands, the St. George cleverly prepared to take the field, Stokes and Sharp being the representatives of the Willow at the bat, facing the bowling of Waller—round arm slows—and Creighton, half underhand shooters, as fast as Hallis. This, first a slow over and then a swift one, with chances for catches off the one, and flying balls from shooters off the other, was a very good game, though the Willows did not get sight of the other, and that the Willows did not do until five men had retired from the wickets, four of them succumbing to Creighton's battery of swift ones, and one to the tempters for catches of Waller, the ball being neatly taken by Creighton. Among these five were Stokes, Sharp, Pierce, and Hammond, from all of whom double figures had been expected, instead of which, however, their scores were of a very singular character indeed. Hammond being the only one that could get even 3 as a total score. The 4th wicket fell for a score of 4 runs only! off the bat, the rest being extras. When Higham came in, however, things began to look better, as he showed a fine defence against Creighton, besides running singles in a manner that showed what a great deal of cricket there was in judging runs well. He marked his score with a fine square leg hit for 3 and a pretty cut for 2, the rest being well obtained singles. He also, like Creighton, was forced on his wicket. Higham had followed Scrivenor, and Rollin had taken Hammond's place; but Rollin had not faced Torrance—Higham's successor—5 minutes, before he (Rollin) was prettily caught by Waller, off his own bowling, the seventh wicket falling for 32, less than the fourth wicket of their adversaries had gone down for. This fact, and then being 30 runs to get to win, made the Willows feel rather anxious, and their opponents proportionately buoyant. In fact, St. George took all out of the wickets, which were sold at the rate of \$1.00, the Willow being decidedly at a discount. That fellow, Creighton, was sending them in "like lightning, you know," and "for a fellow" could get his sight, he was bowled. Lindsay followed Rollin, and in ten minutes had scored 7, by 2 threes and a single, one of the former through a miss of Ford's, and the latter from another by Waller. Creighton then cut his career short by an off shooter; and Lindsay gave place to Gisborne, who in the same over was run out from a ball fielded in to Waller by Creighton on an overthrow. The 9th wicket was now down, and only 49 runs had been scored, leaving 23 to get exceed the St. George score. At this period, the game was almost given up by the Willows, the chances being ten to one against their winning with Creighton bowling as he was, nearly dead on the wicket, and sending in balls that nothing but a stationary bat apparently would stop. Torrance was well in, however, by this time, and if Henderson—last man—would only keep his wicket up, there was yet a chance for success, though a slim one. Now was the time that Waller should have taken himself off and put on George Wright. Had he done so, the St. George would doubtless have won the game; but he did not, and each over he gave not only added to the Willow's score, but gave them that confidence that was of equal value to them as runs, as they began to get a sight of Creighton's bowling, and defending their wickets from his attacks, trusted to Waller's balls to get him out of the wicket, which was done by Creighton for additional assistance. At last 18 runs had been scored when Torrance again faced Creighton, and cut a ball away for 2 in good style, thus tying the game amidst great applause, and slipped another for a single, which muddily finished into a 2, and the game was won. The rejoicing of the Willows at getting out of such a tight place were great. In the next over from Waller, Henderson was caught by Laing off his glove. Torrance carrying his bat out for a well-made 16, in which were 2 threes—leg hits—4 twos—cuts, a slip and drive, Henderson's 5, consisting of a three drive and two singles, a cut, and a leg hit. The score off the bat was 49, the xis being 23, of which 18 were byes, all off Creighton, the ground being terribly rough just outside the wicket's level. Thus ended this match, which proved to be a highly interesting and exciting contest, the Willows creditably achieving the victory when it was almost out of their hands. We append the score:

ST. GEORGE.

	Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
Waller b Pierce.	2	Stokes c Creighton b Waller.	2		Sharp b Creighton...	2		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	Sharp b Creighton...	2					
Ford b Pierce...	0	Pierce b Creighton...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3	Pierce b Creighton...	0					
G Wright b Hammond...	5	Hammond b Creighton...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1	Higham hit wkt b Waller	13					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2	Rollin c b Waller	1					
Congreve c Pierce b Stokes...	13	Lindsay b Creighton...	7					
Houghton not out...	3	Torrance not out...	16					
Kendall b Gisborne b Pierce...	0	Gisborne not out...	0					
Vandepier b Stokes...	5	Henderson c Laing b Waller	5					
Bailey 10, leg byes 2, wides 6, 18	18	Byes 1, 1 b 3, wides 2, 1 b 1, 23						
Total.....	70	Total.....	72					

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Mounds.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Ball.
Waller b Pierce.	54	4	4	0		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	15	6	5	1	
Ford b Pierce...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3					
G Wright b Hammond...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2					
Congreve c Pierce b Stokes...	13					
Houghton not out...	3					
Kendall b Gisborne b Pierce...	0					
Vandepier b Stokes...	5					
Bailey 10, leg byes 2, wides 6, 18	18					

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Mounds.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Ball.
Waller b Pierce.	54	4	4	0		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	15	6	5	1	
Ford b Pierce...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3					
G Wright b Hammond...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2					
Congreve c Pierce b Stokes...	13					
Houghton not out...	3					
Kendall b Gisborne b Pierce...	0					
Vandepier b Stokes...	5					
Bailey 10, leg byes 2, wides 6, 18	18					

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Mounds.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Ball.
Waller b Pierce.	54	4	4	0		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	15	6	5	1	
Ford b Pierce...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3					
G Wright b Hammond...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2					
Congreve c Pierce b Stokes...	13					
Houghton not out...	3					
Kendall b Gisborne b Pierce...	0					
Vandepier b Stokes...	5					
Bailey 10, leg byes 2, wides 6, 18	18					

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Mounds.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Ball.
Waller b Pierce.	54	4	4	0		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	15	6	5	1	
Ford b Pierce...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3					
G Wright b Hammond...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2					
Congreve c Pierce b Stokes...	13					
Houghton not out...	3					
Kendall b Gisborne b Pierce...	0					
Vandepier b Stokes...	5					
Bailey 10, leg byes 2, wides 6, 18	18					

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

ST. GEORGE.	Balls.	Runs.	Mounds.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Ball.
Waller b Pierce.	54	4	4	0		
Creighton wkt b Pierce...	23	15	6	5	1	
Ford b Pierce...	0					
Capt Laing c Higham b Pierce	3					
G Wright b Hammond...	5					
Burnett b Pierce...	1					
Bailey c Torrance b Ham'd...	2					
Congreve c						

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J. MYERS, the Fascinating Alto. O. P. PERRY, the Great Cornetist. E. HAVEN, the Gem of Baritones and Banjoist. A. J. TALBOT, the Great "Any Other Man." J. FLAKE, the King of Song and Dance. F. MYERS, the Nonpareil of Changoable Acts. G. GOODMAN, the Solo Violinist. S. SANFORD, the School of Negro Delinicators; and MISS JULIA SANFORD, the Pet of Philadelphia. 28-1f

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have witnessed a woful falling off at the Winter Garden as soon as "the infatuation" about Miss Bateman had departed. As matters have fallen out, we think that the Winter Garden has been much benefited by the "healthy" competition at Niblo's old corner.

Having already indulged in more Shakespearean and modern philosophy than our limited means affords, while reviewing the efforts of Edwin Forrest and James H. Hackett at Niblo's Garden, we must be content to observe that those true gentlemen and their colleagues retain their hold upon the popular heart as well as the minds of the most scholastic critics. Such is the province, such the scope, and such the margin of artistic existence with the honorable performer—and it is honor enough. If we cannot detain them in our own city, we may at least have the pleasure of witnessing their triumphs (by hearsay) from other cities. Forrest's Richard is, as an Irishman would say, "just beginning to spend the evening," and Hackett's North River Dutchman is so positively rich in Americo-Washington-Irving humor, that we can scarcely make ourselves believe that Manager Whealeys intends to take such admirable artists away.

The Veteran Wallack does not seem to relish (and well he might not) the stupidly wholesale assertions made by the high-falutin critics to the effect that he intended to withdraw his old comedies. What he does intend is giving some entirely new plays, never yet acted, and occasionally a modern comedy or two just to enable persons of taste to take the scope of choice. We cannot expect such audiences as the Veteran has, to go in all the while for anything stereotyped, be it the old fashioned three up and two down of a Bowery combat, or the most intellectual personations of the tragic and comic with blank verse. The new piece is the 20th called "Bosom Friends;" the new scenery is by Mr. Loring, and a new style of stage mounting is to be produced, which will "wake up the town." From this we may see that the Veteran has not been idle, and can get up "novelties as in novelties." Go in "Uncle Jim."

We miss Mrs. Gladstone from the stage at Niblo's Garden, but find Mrs. J. H. Allen to console us, and Matilda Heron soon to come. Perhaps we may be somewhat selfish, but cannot help hoping that Mrs. Gladstone does not leave our city.

A complimentary benefit is in preparation, we understand, for the indefatigable Charley White, to come off at 44th Broadway, under the auspices of R. W. Butler and the regular company. Of course Charley is "ready for the draft," and so are his numerous friends in the profession. As for the public, we feel confident it will not forget Charley White. This is a somewhat unusual thing in the minstrel profession, and a jolly good time may be expected.

Our suggestion that the senior Walcott's name should take the distinction prefix of "Goldfinch" is likely to be adopted, judging by his favorable reception thus far. Where can we find such another Goldfinch, excepting, "as aforesaid," William Warren, of Boston?

That new piece, "Bosom Friends," to-night (20th) at Wallack's is an adaption from Horace Wigan's "Friends and Foes." However it is the Veteran's first novelty this season, and the cast is good. Mrs. Anna Robertson takes the character previously allotted to Mrs. Blake, on account of the severe indisposition of the latter lady.

The German Oper, at 48th Broadway, will produce Boieldieu's comic opera, generally known as "Jean de Paris," on the 22nd, for the first time in America. Another feather in the cap of Carl Anschutz?

We are proud to find that our timely notice of Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann's present performances at the Stadt Theatre has caused American editors (who use the English language) to pay proper attention towards this promising young artist. On the 23d he will prove his title to become "the Fechter of New York," as on that evening he will give us a Shylock or a Richard, as the case may be on the bills.

Some talk of Daniel E. Bandmann and Mlle. Maria Scheller soon appearing at one of our Broadway theatres. This would be like Knickerbocker times (in John street) once more.

DRAMATIC.

Here we have Sherry Corbyn's view of matters and things in California:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20, '62.

FRIEND FRANK—Since my last there has been another theatrical revolution. Tom Maguire, who has for so long a time been Theatrical Manager here, is entirely out of theatricals, having left the Metropolitan on the 15th. Mr. Chas. Tibbets, the first lessee of this house, has again taken it, and intends trying his luck once more.

The American continues open and is doing fairly. Last evening the Manhattan Fencing company took a hand, when the house was crowded. Julia Dean Hayne appeared as Evadne, which was followed by a song by little Jennie Worrell, double clog dance by the Sisters Worrell, a cavatina by Eliza Biscaccianti, concluding with "His Last Legs." Harry Courtaine as O'Callaghan.

The Union, with its joint stock company, under Buchanan, is doing a fair business, at cheap prices.

Maguire's Opera House, under the management of W. H. Smith, is doing literally nothing since they lost Birch, Cotton, Coes, and in fact the stars of their company.

The Bell *Uta* always does well.

Gilbert is doing by far the best paying business in town; and should do, when we take into consideration that they have the greatest array of talent, including the charming Worrell Sisters, and the new Scottish songstress, Annie Uri.

The Willow, which is the only suburban resort worthy a visit, is thronged weekly, while

Hays' Park has become almost a dead letter. Smith's Minstrels made an attempt to revive the fallen fortunes of this house, but failed to induce even a tolerably fair share of the public to do so.

Adam Jones' Menken is the only person talked of here at present, and it is doubtful what her intentions are. Leighon has shown me telegrams and letters in which she says she is under engagement to him, while Tom Maguire offers to bet five hundred to one that she will play with him on her arrival here. Time is the only solver of this problem, but I hope that if she has really made an engagement to play at the American, she will abide by it, for Leighon is a good fellow, and one of the fairest managers we have ever had in this country.

The Fox *Palace* has been open one week at Platt's Hall, and is doing splendidly; it bids fair to have a three months run.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton has fairly taken the good people of Washoe by storm; she is playing in Virginia, to crowded houses, and will probably remain there another month, when she will again return to this State, where she is also a great favorite.

John W. Wilson, the Emperor of Circus managers, is in town, looking hearty and happy, a sure sign that his tour throughout the State has been a prosperous one. His company are in the Middle Mines, and will be in Sacramento during the Fair, which will commence in about ten days. William Priddy is still advance agent of the company, young Sebastian the principal feature, and Joe Pentland a great favorite everywhere. Wilson will probably be in the company of a month's time. He goes to Europe in search of health for his wife.

G. A. G. Adis has gone to Los Angeles.

Franklin's Minstrels are in Oregon. *Lotta* is with them.

John S. Potts' Company are at Victoria, British Columbia.

Bartholomew—One horse show is in the valleys.

Mr. Jas. Stark opened the San Jose Theatre for one week during the Fair, and did well.

Dr. F. E. Sturz took an operatic concert party to Stockton for the Fair, but bursted after one night. His canvas and trappings were sold to pay the debts incurred. Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

By way of variety and fairness, we here give another sample of all sorts, dated San Francisco, Sept. 20th, 1862.—**FRIEND QUEEN:** Matters theatrical are dull here but not to a standstill. You will write about each week, but will try and send you a line by each steamer, I see the New York papers yet speak of the Hanlons as on their way to New York. This is not so, as a letter I sent you by the Golden Gate (which was lost) would have explained; the Hanlons sailed from San Francisco some six or seven weeks since for Valparaiso, South America, under the management of John Torrens from Valparaiso; they go to Lima, etc., remaining in South America for six months, and then go to Australia.

Metropoli on Theatre—Maguire attempted an opera season; but, after six performances was forced to close or play to empty benches; balance of about \$1000 on the wrong side of the cash account. The season lasted for two weeks, and the bills were given up by the Blandis, which cost about \$800 above expectation. Maguire has given up his lease, and Mr. Charles Tibbets will open it with a dramatic troupe on Monday evening, at New York prices—a very judicious movement on his part. There is no reason why a first-class theatre cannot be well supported in this city, and Mr. Tibbets' experience and popularity will materially aid the future prospects of the Metropoli.

American Theatre—The commonwealth have continued to play at bad houses, and have divided about one-fourth salaries. The most of the company go to the Metropoli, which is to be conducted by the joint stock principle, and the American closes.

Union Theatre—Business is really good here, and the company are getting full salaries. The theatre is small and the style of pieces produced comfortably fill the house every night. Buchanan is a very enterprising man and caters successfully to a certain taste. "What if passion is torn to tatters?" Ear splitting screams and spasmodic gestures indulged in? It pays.

Gilbert—Sophia, Jennie, Irene Worrell and Annie Uri, the principal attractions. Business good.

Bella Uta—A large minstrel company, including Marian and Amanda Lee, Maggie Brewer, Ellen Martell, Ned Buckley, W. H. Hamilton, J. H. O'Neil, Mat. Kelly, etc. Houses crowded every night.

George's Opera House—Backus and Murphy's Minstrels have left the company and are wandering about the country, this week at Sacramento. The business is very bad. New people are expected from the States, when the new ones will probably be better. A series of dissolving views are on exhibition at Platt's Hall under the direction of Sherry Corbyn, with Harry Courtaine as delineator. The pictures are possibly good, but the principal attraction is one hundred girls which are distributed each night. Good houses are the order of the night.

Leighon's company are wandering about in the Washoe region; they appear at Virginia City to-morrow night. Business pretty fair. Miss Parker and an Opera Troupe at the Stockton theatre under the management of Dr. S. S. Foster, an old showman well known in the latitude of New York. Miss Parker was expected to leave here on the steamer of to-day for the East. I understand she leaves on the next steamer, the 1st of Oct. The tour of the opera troupe through the country has been very successful.

Yours truly, BAY VIEW.

Here we have "three days later," also from "Bay View"—which we have somewhat condensed to avoid repetition—San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 23d, 1862—A retrospective glance at the week's business in our city theatres, furnishes but little work for my

pen. I presume there will not be a theatrical revival till Menken or "the Regnoids" condescend to visit us. . . . Exceptions are to be found in the crowd which thronged the American when "Manhattan Engine Co. 2" appealed to their fellow citizens for pecuniary aid. The attendance was most satisfactory.

Having already indulged in more Shakespearean and modern philosophy than our limited means affords, while reviewing the efforts of Edwin Forrest and James H. Hackett at Niblo's Garden, we must be content to observe that those true gentlemen and their colleagues retain their hold upon the popular heart as well as the minds of the most scholastic critics. Such is the province, such the scope, and such the margin of artistic existence with the honorable performer—and it is honor enough. If we cannot detain them in our own city, we may at least have the pleasure of witnessing their triumphs (by hearsay) from other cities. Forrest's Richard is, as an Irishman would say, "just beginning to spend the evening," and Hackett's North River Dutchman is so positively rich in Americo-Washington-Irving humor, that we can scarcely make ourselves believe that Manager Whealeys intends to take such admirable artists away.

The Veteran Wallack does not seem to relish (and well he might not) the stupidly wholesale assertions made by the high-falutin critics to the effect that he intended to withdraw his old comedies.

What he does intend is giving some entirely new plays, never yet acted, and occasionally a modern comedy or two just to enable persons of taste to take the scope of choice. We cannot expect such audiences as the Veteran has, to go in all the while for anything stereotyped, be it the old fashioned three up and two down of a Bowery combat, or the most intellectual personations of the tragic and comic with blank verse.

The new piece is the 20th called "Bosom Friends;" the new scenery is by Mr. Loring, and a new style of stage mounting is to be produced, which will "wake up the town." From this we may see that the Veteran has not been idle, and can get up "novelties as in novelties." Go in "Uncle Jim."

We miss Mrs. Gladstone from the stage at Niblo's Garden, but find Mrs. J. H. Allen to console us, and Matilda Heron soon to come. Perhaps we may be somewhat selfish, but cannot help hoping that Mrs. Gladstone does not leave our city.

A complimentary benefit is in preparation, we understand, for the indefatigable Charley White, to come off at 44th Broadway, under the auspices of R. W. Butler and the regular company.

Of course Charley is "ready for the draft," and so are his numerous friends in the profession. As for the public, we feel confident it will not forget Charley White. This is a somewhat unusual thing in the minstrel profession, and a jolly good time may be expected.

Our suggestion that the senior Walcott's name should take the distinction prefix of "Goldfinch" is likely to be adopted, judging by his favorable reception thus far. Where can we find such another Goldfinch, excepting, "as aforesaid," William Warren, of Boston?

That new piece, "Bosom Friends," to-night (20th) at Wallack's is an adaption from Horace Wigan's "Friends and Foes." However it is the Veteran's first novelty this season, and the cast is good. Mrs. Anna Robertson takes the character previously allotted to Mrs. Blake, on account of the severe indisposition of the latter lady.

The German Oper, at 48th Broadway, will produce Boieldieu's comic opera, generally known as "Jean de Paris," on the 22nd, for the first time in America. Another feather in the cap of Carl Anschutz?

We are proud to find that our timely notice of Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann's present performances at the Stadt Theatre has caused American editors (who use the English language) to pay proper attention towards this promising young artist. On the 23d he will prove his title to become "the Fechter of New York," as on that evening he will give us a Shylock or a Richard, as the case may be on the bills.

Some talk of Daniel E. Bandmann and Mlle. Maria Scheller soon appearing at one of our Broadway theatres. This would be like Knickerbocker times (in John street) once more.

DRAMATIC.

Here we have Sherry Corbyn's view of matters and things in California:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20, '62.

FRIEND FRANK—Since my last there has been another theatrical revolution. Tom Maguire, who has for so long a time been Theatrical Manager here, is entirely out of theatricals, having left the Metropolitan on the 15th. Mr. Chas. Tibbets, the first lessee of this house, has again taken it, and intends trying his luck once more.

The American continues open and is doing fairly. Last evening the Manhattan Fencing company took a hand, when the house was crowded. Julia Dean Hayne appeared as Evadne, which was followed by a song by little Jennie Worrell, double clog dance by the Sisters Worrell, a cavatina by Eliza Biscaccianti, concluding with "His Last Legs." Harry Courtaine as O'Callaghan.

The Union, with its joint stock company, under Buchanan, is doing a fair business, at cheap prices.

Maguire's Opera House, under the management of W. H. Smith, is doing literally nothing since they lost Birch, Cotton, Coes, and in fact the stars of their company.

The Bell *Uta* always does well.

Gilbert is doing by far the best paying business in town; and should do, when we take into consideration that they have the greatest array of talent, including the charming Worrell Sisters, and the new Scottish songstress, Annie Uri.

The Willow, which is the only suburban resort worthy a visit, is thronged weekly, while

Hays' Park has become almost a dead letter. Smith's Minstrels made an attempt to revive the fallen fortunes of this house, but failed to induce even a tolerably fair share of the public to do so.

Adam Jones' Menken is the only person talked of here at present, and it is doubtful what her intentions are. Leighon has shown me telegrams and letters in which she says she is under engagement to him, while Tom Maguire offers to bet five hundred to one that she will play with him on her arrival here. Time is the only solver of this problem, but I hope that if she has really made an engagement to play at the American, she will abide by it, for Leighon is a good fellow, and one of the fairest managers we have ever had in this country.

The Fox *Palace* has been open one week at Platt's Hall, and is doing splendidly; it bids fair to have a three months run.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton has fairly taken the good people of Washoe by storm; she is playing in Virginia, to crowded houses, and will probably remain there another month, when she will again return to this State, where she is also a great favorite.

Her Majesty's Theatre, Ottawa, Canada, has good times, with Miss Julia Nelson as lessee, and W. L. Crawford as business manager.

The Webb Sisters are this week with Manager Tom Hampton, in Hartford, Conn.

Yank Miller and William Marble are waking up the Hoosiers in Indiana with their dramatic troupe.

The revolution at *Belle's*, Cincinnati, is as we foreseened last week, only a little more so. Brother Shires was read out of church just as church people do, and Brother Pike assumes all the responsibilities for the "spoonericks." Great is the rejoicing of the great rockers. Brother Jones and the rest of Pike's company all work "merriely ob" now and the girls in proportion to the house. Antonio Zavitski, wife, and four pupils are great attractions in the ballets. Afternoon performances are more and more desirable. "Scotto, the Scout," by Brother Jones, is the opening piece for this week. We let that lady in the case depart in peace.

It takes us to give "passes" beyond Washington I. Brother B. R. Maguire and his party have safely arrived at Memphis, (as the main fact was hurriedly stated in our last issue), and the New Memphis Theatre is now more glorious in hope and biz. than ever. Our "pass" (four cents per copy) "put the party through" all right to Cairo; but, about fifteen miles below, the guerrillas on the banks began popping questions in the shape of rifle bullets. Coffee bags and corn sacks were put into the pilot house of the boat; but the pilot was encased in boiler iron, and thus kept on his "windy way" down the Mississippi. A passenger (not of the Maguire party) received a severe wound in one of his legs, which happened to be exposed. However, the "sacred sand" of dramatic missionaries finally arrived, safe and sound, below those beautiful blues so well known at Jerry Memphis (the sandy Memphis of old). Biz. began at the N. C. Theatre on the 29th Sept., with "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Fox." C. C. McCall and the C. C. McCall party have been performing at the N. C. Theatre ever since.

John E. Potts' Company are in Oregon. Lotta is with them. John S. Potts' Company are at Victoria, British Columbia.

Bartholomew—One horse show is in the valleys.

Mr. Jas. Stark opened the San Jose Theatre for one week during the Fair, and did well.

Dr. F. E. Sturz took an operatic concert party to Stockton for the Fair, but bursted after one night. His canvas and trappings were sold to pay the debts incurred. Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

By way of variety and fairness, we here give another sample of all sorts, dated San Francisco, Sept. 20th, 1862.—**FRIEND QUEEN:** Matters theatrical are dull here but not to a standstill. You will write about each week, but will try and send you a line by each steamer, I see the New York papers yet speak of the Hanlons as on their way to New York. This is not so, as a letter I sent you by the Golden Gate (which was lost) would have explained; the Hanlons sailed from San Francisco some six or seven weeks since for Valparaiso, South America, under the management of John Torrens from Valparaiso; they go to Lima, etc., remaining in South America for six months, and then go to Australia.

Metropoli on Theatre—Maguire attempted an opera season; but, after six performances was forced to close or play to empty benches; balance of about

THE THREE GAMBLERS OUTWITTED.

BY JOE PIKE, OF ARKANSAW.

In those good old days which antiquated gamblers recall with a sigh—when card playing, with all its concomitant cheating, was quite a respectable amusement on all the “floating palaces” of the West and South—the steamer Swallow, the pride of the Mississippi, was making one of her fast upward trips from New Orleans to St. Louis. At a small, insignificant landing on the way up, a tall, lank, long-legged, long-armed, long-haired, lantern-jawed individual, dressed in a rustic suit, came on board, with an air of ludicrous pomposity, followed by a short, stout, round-favored, sleek-looking negro, carrying an old-fashioned leather trunk, and a sky-blue cotton umbrella.

“Fotch ‘em along, Gumbo, and don’t spill ‘em nary a time!” said the master, as, with about three strides of his long legs, he reached the steps leading to the guard-passengers, each having a separate interest. “You play well, gentlemen—too well at least, for me—and I want to try something else.”

“Yes, Marse, nary spill it dia chile!” grimed the negro, showing two immense rows of beautiful white teeth, and rolling his large eyes from side to side with comical winks and leers at the amused spectators, deck hands, and passengers, who simultaneously burst out into a roar of laughter.

The principal cause of all this merriment never once seemed to suspect that any one was laughing at him, but went up the steps two at a time, entered the gentlemen’s saloon, and, in the same pompous tone, said to the first person he met, a mild, quiet, venerable man, who was slowly pacing to and fro with his hands behind his back.

“Stranger, whar’s the clerk of this yere craft?”

The gentleman addressed, glanced at the speaker, at the grinning negro with the trunk on his shoulder, just behind him, smiled to himself, and pointed with his finger to the office.

“Fotch ‘em along, Gumbo, and nary a spill yit!” said the eccentric rustic, and with two or three strides more he reached the clerk’s window.

Almost immediately a crowd of amused spectators formed behind him, in anticipation of some rare sport, for the long-legged individual was not only a character, but a very green one.

“I say, old hoss, ar’ you the clerk of this yere boat?” called out the stranger, in a loud, familiar tone.

“Yes-ee-eh-hoss-fly!” returned the clerk with a laugh, winking at some of the by-standers, all of whom were grinning and tittering.

“Spect her b’ler won’t bust, hey?” inquiringly suggested greeny.

“I hope not,” replied the clerk, making a great effort to appear serious.

“Spect she won’t snap, hey?”

“I hope not.”

“Reckon I’ll risk her. Now, then, I want hull room to myself; don’t keer nothing about cost; heaps o’ tin; name yer pile!”

“If you take a whole state room—and I believe there’s one, and only one, unoccupied—I shall have to charge you double fare,” said the clerk.

“That’s ‘em—I takes that—let her rip!”

The clerk named his price, and the stranger brought out an old, greasy wallet, stuffed full of bank notes, some of them of a pretty high figure, which two or three professional gamblers who were mingled with the crowd behind did not fail to eye with a marked degree of satisfaction, readily accounted for by the fact that sooner or later they hoped to see the same transferred to their own pockets.

“Where to?” asked the clerk, as the rustic stranger handed in his wallet, and told him to help himself.

“As fur’s he goes—take it clean through.”

“What name?” again inquired the clerk, returning the wallet, minus the double fare.

“Pike!”

“Any other name, sir?”

“Joe, that’s all—Joe Pike of Arkansaw.”

“Well, Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw,” smiled the clerk, “there’s your key, with the number of your state room attached, and I hope you will have a pleasant trip.”

“But that’s the nigger—my boy—I see you’ve forgot him!” said Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, looking round at Gumbo, who was standing back, quietly awaiting further orders, with the trunk still on his shoulder, and the sky-blue cotton umbrella under his arm. “What’s his damage?”

“Oh, never mind him!” said the clerk. “Considering you have paid double fare already, I guess we’ll throw him in.”

“Gumbo, you black rascal, d’yer hear that? You’re havin’—you’re no account—haw! haw! haw!” roared Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, and all the bystanders roared in concert. “Here,” he continued, tossing the key to the black, “take that at brass and tote off my trunk and umbrella, with nary a spill, and watch ‘em till I comes to yer!” Then turning to the clerk again, as the negro withdrew, he added:

“Old hoss, what’s yer name?”

“Brown,” laughed the clerk.

“Wall, Brown,” said Arkansaw, “you’re a trump, and as I’m about to liquor, I wants you to liquor with me, Brown.”

“Beg your pardon, sir,” said one of the gamblers before mentioned, laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of Mr. Pike, and speaking jocosely, “you said something about trumps just now—what are trumps?”

“I reckon it’s a knave of so’ting that’s turned up now!” replied Pike, looking his interrogator straight in the eye.

The gambler colored, and the crowd laughed, with cries of “Good! good!”

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Joe Pike, with one of his magnificent flourishes, “let’s all liquor!”

He led the way to the bar, and about half of those present, among whom were the three gamblers, accepted his invitation and drank his health.

“Do you ever play?” said another of the gamblers, watching his chance and drawing him aside.

“Keerds?” returned Pike.

“Yes—enche, whilst, poker, twenty-one, all fours, or anything else you choose.”

“Why, I’m a hoss at all of them, stranger—haw! haw! haw!” roared the gentleman from Arkansaw. “The last time I played I licked every cub that bet agin me—haw! haw! haw! Play keerds? Spect I does—a few! Let’s all have another wet, and then see who wants me to show ‘em how!”

After having another drink all round, which the gambler, in order to appear generous, and get the good will of the company, insisted on paying for, the crowd adjourned to one of the card tables in the main saloon, to enjoy the sport of seeing the green Mr. Pike fleeced of all his money by the skillful cheating of three notorious gamblers. In one sense of the word, the spectators looked upon him as a lamb in the clutches of wolves, but not one of them made a single attempt to warn him of his danger, for besides the fact that the gamblers were not men to have their plans interfered with in impunity, they thought the boasting Mr. Pike deserved to have a little sharp, humiliating experience, and they felt a morbid curiosity to see in what manner he would bear his defeat and loss. Such is human nature the world over, when no particular chord of sympathy or interest is touched.

Mr. Pike was not ready to begin play immediately, however. He must go to his state-room first, to fix himself up a little, give his boy orders, and so forth and so on, and it was at least a good hour before the impatient gamblers saw him snugly planted down between them. “What shall we play, Mr. Pike, and for what stake?” now politely inquired one of the trio.

“Spect we’d better make it whilst fust—that thar man opposite my pardner—for a dollar a corner, till I git

the feel of the keerds,” replied Mr. Joe Pike, looking round triumphantly, with an air that seemed to say:

“You see I know what I’m talking about, if you do think me green.”

That of course was not the game the gamblers wanted to play; but they assented to the proposition, and wasted an hour of their precious time over it—Pike and his partner winning three times in succession.

“Let us play poker now,” at length said one of the losers.

“Not yit,” replied Pike, “that’ll do to wind up on. Let us try enche.”

Enche was played until all were heartily sick of it—Pike and his partner being allowed to win every bet.

“You play well, gentlemen,” said one of the losers—for though the three gamblers, including the partner of Pike, were really colleague, it was intended of course that their dupe should suppose them to be merely fellow-passengers, each having a separate interest. “You play well, gentlemen—too well at least, for me—and I want to try something else.”

“Yes, all-fours, by thunder!” exclaimed Pike; “we’ll give you a chance to git yer money back.”

“No, poker!” said both of the opposition.

“All fours!” returned Arkansaw.

“Pshaw! let us try them at poker!” said Pike’s partner. “I think either of us can beat them at anything.”

“All fours, by thunder!” persisted Joe Pike, of Arkansaw.

And all fours it was, for two weary hours, before the green dupe would consent to have the game changed. Then counting over his winnings, and finding himself about twenty-five or thirty dollars the gainer, he suddenly concluded he would not play any more till after supper, much to the vexation of the gamblers, and the disappointment of those who had been waiting so patiently to see him fleeced.

Supper over, the tables cleared away, and the lamps lighted, the gamblers produced their cards, and succeeded at last in persuading their good friend, Mr. Pike, to sit down to a game of poker, one dollar ante. For a couple of hours the game went on with varying success—sometimes one party ahead, and sometimes another—but all the bets being so small, and the game so uninteresting, that several of those who had watched all through the day, to see Mr. Pike victimized, got tired and disgusted, and either repaired to their berths for the night, or sought to amuse themselves in some other way. A few still lingered around the table, in a listless, sleepy manner, but these soon had their yawns checked, and eyes opened, by hearing Joe Pike of Arkansaw exclaim:—

“I sees that that fifty, and goes five hundred better!” at the same time quietly placing five hundred and fifty dollars upon the pile in the centre of the table.

Two of the others now threw up their hands; but the third man, after looking at his cards, and evidently considering the chances for a few moments, said, with cool deliberation, as he drew a large, well stuffed pocket-book from his bosom:—

“I see you five hundred, my country friend, and go five thousand dollars better.”

A sensation among the spectators, and all looked curiously and eagerly at the man from Arkansaw.

“Oho! bluff’s yer game, hev’!” said he. “Wall, that’s two kin up at that. Gumbo!”

“Yes, marse!” replied the negro, suddenly appearing from Pike’s state-room.

“Fotch me the bundle tied up in the umbrel, and don’t make nary a spill!”

The negro disappeared, and quickly returned, with an immense roll of bank notes. The gamblers opened their eyes, and the spectators began to grow much excited. Other parties now came crowding up, and gentlemen, who had overheard the conversation, came out of their state-rooms half-dressed. Pike deliberately unrolled the notes handed him by his servant, and displayed figures of one hundred, five hundred, and even a thousand dollars. Calmly and quietly counting over the notes, he laid them down on the table, and said with a grin:—

“I sees that that five thousand, and goes ten thousand dollars better—I does!”

Slightly pale, but his small, black eyes gleaming with a sort of malicious triumph, the gambler nervously produced another large package of notes, counted down ten thousand dollars more, and exclaimed, as he laid down his hand:—

“I call you and win. Four kings and an ace can’t be beat?”

“Yes it kin—four aces does it!” cried Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, throwing down that astonishing hand, and the next moment covering the money on the table with two brawny fists, in one of which was a five-shooter, and in the other a huge bowie-knife.

“Foul! foul!” cried all the gamblers, starting up with wild excitement. “A cheat! a swindle! There are only four aces in the pack!”

“Seems to have been five in this yere one!” said Pike, coolly, “and as you three thieves fatched on the keerds yourselves, if that’s any cheatin you must have done it! Gumbo,” he added, rising to his full height, “rake that pile, boy, and travel, and nary a spill, and the fust man teches you I’ll blow his brains out!”

In less time than it takes us to tell it, the active negro had cleaned the table of more than thirty thousand dollars, and darted into his master’s state-room. The scene that followed beggars description. The spectators were wildly excited, and the gamblers raved stamped, and swore they would have revenge. Pike coolly maintained his ground, menacing them with his five-shooter, and as soon as he could make his voice heard, he thundered out:—

“Skulk, you thieves and counterfeitors, afore I lets daylight through ye!” Yer know that more than half the money you’re whining over ar bogus! I knows ye, ef yer don’t me! You’re gallus birds! Yer tuk me for a greenhorn, but yer got hold of the wrong customer! You’ve heard of me, I knows. I’m no Joe Pike, but Jo Blueskin, at your service! and if yer wants anything more, yer can hav’ it!”

This was the name of a notorious and desperate Texan gambler; and on learning who their redoubtable antagonist really was, the gamblers muttered curses, not loud, but deep. At the next landing the trio disappeared, leaving Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, alias Jo Blueskin of Texas, a clear field. He turned out to be quite a refined, good-natured fellow, for one of his desperate profession—his rusticity of language and dress having been assumed to carry out his purpose. He paid for all the liquor the passengers chose to drink, and all the way up the river the regular toast was—“THE WRONG CUSTOMER.”

THAT FLAG.—They are telling a good story in Troy, as follows: It was rumored that a gentleman known to be a loyal citizen had a secession flag flying from his house. Of course, there was a tremendous hue and cry raised, and an excited party started for the premises. On reaching the house, it was found to be a lady’s balmoral that had been washed and hung from the back window to dry. The husband avowed his determination to stand by that flag as long as he lived, and the effervescent crowd exploded and disappeared.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE BY MEASUREMENT.—The *Farmers’ Gazette* (an Irish paper) gives the following as an approximate rule for obtaining by measurement the dead weight of cattle: “Take the girth in inches behind the fore arm, square it by multiplying it by itself; multiply that product by the length, taken in inches, from the top of the shoulder to a line perpendicular to the buttocks; multiply that product by the decimal .07958, and divide it by 576, which reduces it to stones of 14 pounds each, 8 of which make one hundred weight.”

HOW WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.—Whenever

wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing, to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, whose wolves approach in the most playful manner, lying, rolling, and frolicking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time, the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse’s head, and the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicksome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half! the time that I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. By this signal, the lookers-on close in at a gallop; the small fry of followers are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

SUSAN BLAKE’S EPIPHANY.—It is said that Tom Moore, one night while stopping at an inn in Scotland, was troubled by the landlady with the request that he would write her epitaph. Accordingly, at night, he gave impromptu as follows:

“Good Susan Blake in royal state,
Arrived at last at her master’s gate”—

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in transports at the inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. “That’s so,” said he, and immediately added—

“But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Belzibub.”

It is said that Mr. Moore’s horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

WHIST, YE DIVIL.—During the run of “Tom and Jerry,” which was played in Dublin some fifty or more nights successively, Barry’s originally white Russia duck trowsers, which he continued to wear night after night, began to assume rather a dusky shade, indicating their innocence of soap and water. At last, when those long-enduring duck trowsers made their appearance about the twentieth night, encasing Barry’s legs as if they grew there and were never to undergo a change, (“sea-change,” fresh water, or other) one of Barry’s persecutors cried out to him from the gallery, “Whist, Barry, you devil!”

“What do you want, you blackguard?” said Barry, nothing moved by a style of address with which he was familiar.

“Wait till I whisper you,” said the voice. All the house was silent. “When did your ducks take the water last?” The audience roared with laughter for several minutes; and Barry, for the first time in his life, was beaten by the gallery. The next night, however, a change was evident, and his Russia ducks were white as Russia.

CHARGING A JURY.—If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and the defendant were partners in a grocery, and the plaintiff bought out the defendant, paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted “not brachy,” and the warranty was broken by the brachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back, tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her; the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her to prevent her from jumping the fence, and by reason of the yoke or poke, broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant’s interest in the grocery was not worth anything, and the plaintiff’s note worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or for beef, then the jury must find out themselves how they must decide the case; for the court, if it understand itself, and it thinks it does, don’t know how such a case should be decided.

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